WHAT A CHILD TELLS FROM BURIED POMPEIL

Last Days Lived Again by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

LED BY A SHADOW CHILD.

Scenes Bepicted in the City That Was Blotted Out of Life by Vesuvius.

It would be very difficult to tell anything at all

One can only try to imagine what she was like. what she thought, what she did and how her young life was passed. And imagination, however powerful, can scarcely be relied on to depict to one very clearly and truly the things that happened more than eighteen hundred years ago.

More than eighteen hundred years ago she died in the ancient city of Pompeli, an awful tragic death, which two thousand people shared with her, perishing in the most overwhelming estastrophe the world has ever known.

And yet to-day one can pass through the streets she walked about in, stand in the "peristylium" or court of the house which was perhaps the one she lived in, and where her favorite flowers grew. and where she amused herself by watching the goldfishes in the little oblong stone lined pool which we are told was called the Piscina.

One sees, perhaps, her very own little bedroom. where she slept with her playthings about her, as rosy and peaceful as other little girls sleep to-day in their bedrooms in London or New York.

And one can stand and look down pityingly at the siender lava and ash encrusted little form, which was all that the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius on the 24th of August, A. D. 70, left of her childish

She is lying by her mother, just as she fell when they were trying to escape among the blinding showers of hot ashes, red hot lapitli or small fragments of numice stone, and the sudden deluge of boiling water, which the great volcano poured forth alternately and sometimes all at once, and which turned the beautiful day into black night, filled the air with shrinks of terror and the narrow streets with bewildered, agonized people losing their way and stumbling in the horrible darkness as they were flying for their lives.

UNBURYING ANCIENT DEAD. Many hundred years she lay in the darkness with

and a light wreath of flowers on her delicate bead. As for her face, I only seemed to see that it was aweet and innocont and fair, that there was a childish rose bloom on her cheeks, that her eyes ware does and shadowy under their long lashes, and that she had blue-black hair which was not long, but waved softly about her head and neck and shaded her forchead a little, as it might if she lived in the present day.

She was my guide, and she seemed to tell me many things and make the dead, ancient city live again, though I do not know how i understood her, for I think she need to speak Latin when she was alive. But there was a guide in uniform who led our party, and as he explained things in French perhaps I stole the words from him and altered them and added to them and translated them into the music of the voice that ceased speaking I, Sil years ago.

I have many interesting days in my life to re-

the music of the voice that ceased speaking 1,811 years ago.

I have many interesting days in my life to remember, but among them all there is not one which etands out as a memory so utterly, strangely beautiful and absorbing as that day apent ramibling through the streets and roins of a long, long dead city warmly flooded with an Italian sun. It must have been such a gav and brilliant little place, with its richly colored and decorated houses, their flower wreathed red or yellow columns, their bright courtyards, their fountains and vines, the graceful temples and theatres and villas, the great mountain behind, the blue Mediterranean at its feet.

"It was very beautiful," I thought my little shadow teld me. "The people were so gay and rich. It was not so stately and magnificent as Rome, but it was so bright and luxurious. There were so many flowers everywhere, the sky was always so blue and the sun so warm. We lived so much out of doors, we used to sit and work and take our meals in the open court, and the wins oups were wreathed with flowers and garlands hung from the columns and were twined about them, and we were fresh garlands on our heads—every one were them when there was gayety and feasting." You were never afraid of the great mountain

feasing."
"You were never afraid of the great mountain then." I said, and I looked up at it as it towered so bear us, dark and bare-looking and sullan, with its cloud of smoke rolling upward and about its sum-

cloud of smoke rolling upward and about its summit.

"No one was afraid of it then—particularly not the children. We used to hear that years before—when some of us were not born—there had been a great earthquake which the mountain had caused, but it seemed so quiet and peaceful then, covered with beautiful meadows, and the earthquake seemed to us to have been so long ago that it would have seemed only like a legend if we had not been able to see some of the ruins it had made and the Forum which was being rebuilt. It was not finished when the great ecuption came, which burned everything. When you go into it to-day you will see the unfinished columns just as the slaves left them when they turned and fled into the darkness to try to save their lives."

And then there came to my mind a paragraph I remembered reading in Bulwer's "Last Days of Fompeli."

"At one of the public edifices ampropriated to the business of the city workmen were employed upon the columns, and you heard the noise of their labor every now and then, rising above the hum of the multitude. The columns are unfinished to this day."

We went into the ruins of the Forum—the great

their labor every now and then, rising above the hum of the multitude. The columns are unfaished to this day."

We went into the ruins of the Forum—the great must and gathering place of those ancient days—and eaw the rows of incompleted pillare, standing still. To one who was not told their story they would look as it they had all been broken smoothly off at about the same height.

GAYPTIES OF DAIS OF OLD.

"It was very busy and gay here ence," my small shadow seemed to tell me. "There were such crowds of people coming and going. They came to meet each other if they were rich and idle, to do all sories of business, to buy and sell, to same to meet each other if they were rich and idle, to do all sories of business, to buy and sell, to santer and look on, to sit end eat and drink and talk over slit that happened. The magistrates decided cases here. There was the Temple of Jupiter, where the Senstors met. The garments worm were so graceful and so rich. There was so much purple and gold and ornament. The clasps and grides of the rich ones sparked with jewels, and they wore such splendid riugs and chains. There was so much lurury and pleasure and the poople seemed to enjoy themselves so. This place used to seem like a great brilliant thir."

One heard all been broken model to the past luxuries and splenders of this small dead city that in visiting it one wonders continually how this luxury exhibited itself. The streets are so very narrow that an or-

Mony hundred years she lay in the darkness with the gay, luxurious little city she had lived in and which the quaking earth had broken into ruins and the burning mountain had covered with shower after shower of lapill and ashes until it was burned twent feet doop, no trace of it left to show that it had ever existed.

When one stands in the small museum and looks down as the slender, lava encrusted frame, which had not give had find full of movement and color. And yet she body of a real, living young creature, warm and soft and full of movement and color. And yet she was so—eighteen hundred and eleven years ago. If she had died as others do she would have been dust centuries ago, but as it is she liss in the first promptil museum in a glass case, near that other lava encrusted image, which its subposed to have been her mother, and with other like images pass been, and one stands and looks at her with thrilled wunder and tries to imagine what the looked like, what her short life was, and if all was quickly over when she fell, amid the stilling ashes, he sulphurous vapor, the sudden, unnaturing guats of that wind, the flashes of ghastil lighting and the winder and tries to imagine what she she will have add it was to the she will was any companion all the soft sunry days as I wandered through the one belliant little city where she had lived and don't give his which was not come that as the will was my companion all the soft sunry days as I wandered through the one belliant little city where she had lived and don't wand the stilling and the swill was my companion all the soft sunry days as I wandered through the one belliant little with the cut of that the had not heard his poor cryen the wind was a could array her looked like, what her should we should have been figure as the life had to the work of the could not give his had could not give his had could not give his had could not give him the stilling and the surroundings for my little shide on giving a last jept of terror and hair. I wendered if perhaps he had

She had no books to read; even the grown up people had scarcely any. "A very small room," we are told, "was sufficient to contain the few rolls of are told, "was sufficient to contain the few rolls of papyrus which the ancients deemed a notable collection of books." She must have looked at the frescoes on the walls, the pictured legends of gods and goddenses, and told herself stories about them. Perhaps her mother told her about them, too, and nerhaps there was some favorite slave—a wort of Pompeilan Uncle Remus, who could tell stories of goddesses and gods, of Fauns and Satyrs, and of his own country, from which he had perhaps been taken as a prisoner of war.

For the rest she had the flowers and the gold-lish; it may be, some birds or a pet dog with a golden collar.

For the rest she had the flowers and the goldgish; it may be, some birds or a pet dog with a
golden collar.

NATURE'S UNCHANGING HAUTIES.

"There was the beautiful sea, too," I funcied her
saying, "It was as blue as the sky, and there were
saips coming and going from strange countries.

And we leved the mountain them. It was beautiful, too, It was covered with lovely self green
meadows, and the most fertile vineyards were
upon it. The grapes in them were larger and
more purple and sweeter than those that grew anywhere else. Only at the very top it was sterile,
and the earth was like ashes, and the rocks were
blackened as if they had been burned. Wise men
who had climbed to look at them used to say
strange things about them and tell strange stories.
They said that it might once have been a volcanc,
one of the mountains that are filled with fire, and
which sometimes spout forth flames and shower of
boiling water and molton stones. They were stories
which made me afraid, but I could not help drawing near to listen when they talked: but I did not
believe that ever there had been a time when
our beautiful green mountain had beed so terrible. The children used to talk about it among
themselves and speak of the soft grass and the
flowers that grew on it, and the sweet purple and
white grapes in the vineyards, and say it must be
all a philosopher's legend and could not be true."

PROAN TEMPLES AND AUTS.

We went to the wonderful baths where the rich
and idle spoat the greater part of their days lounging, talking, listening to the reading of some poet,
and passing under the hands of slaves through
the luxurious process of baching. We saw the
public fountains at the ends of the streets, with
the grooves worn away in the stone by the many
hands and vessels which had rested there when
waster was drawn. We explored the temples of the
gods—of Apollo, of Moreury, of Jupiter, of Hercules, of Venus, of Fortune, and the temples of the
gods—of Apollo, of Moreury, of Jupiter, of Hercules, of Venus, of Fortune hero,

ing on that terrible day," I said. "There was no warning."
We had walked for hours through the narrow, sunnry, silent streets, we had sat ou the steps of allars of the ruined temples; we had stood in the amphitheatre where the gladators fought with wild beasts and with each other, and where the blood of criminals and martyrs flowed upon the sands of the areus aimld the applause of these strange people, to whom the agonies of despair and death were an amusement.

NEW YORK HERALD, SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1891

Leaver the county of the property of the county of the cou



His history dates from the day of his birth.

When, contrariwise to all infant traditions.
This unit just added one more to the worth

Of the grand aggregate of all sorts and conditions
Of men, and
Silentiv bland.

Stlently bland He asserted no wail should his new lungs expand. This muchly asionished his nurse, honest soul,
Who strengthened by eastom fell to and spanked
His delicate form to extract her sus toll
in the shape of a cry, but no, he just thanked
That old nurse
With nothing worse
Than an unctuous smile as a matter of course.

She scarcely believed her honest old eyes.

Yet consed her endeavors, for something so queer
In that placed wee face with its unctuous guise
To her rimble muscles did strongly appeal
And induce
Has to produce
Laughter enough any nurse to traduce.

For a nurse 'twas behavior exceeding remiss.'
So mamus very feeble inquired what caused.
Euch levity at a grave crisis like this.

"Look at his face!" nurse gasped, as she paused,
But ens look
His nother took
And straightway with laughter maternally shook.

Papa, like a dutiful husband, down stairs
in dreadful suspense awalting the news,
Pricks up his ears, solts coce doclares.
"What! iauching, poor dear!" then complacently
screws
Up his nerves
As he observes
"Hysterics is more than Delinda deserves.

"The nurse is unbing too! Yes, it is—well, I'm sure! What on earth is the matter. I must go and see." With a pit-a-pst heart he apened the door; Then epened his eyes much wider for he There espled.
By his wife's side.
A baby who smilled at his fatherly pride.

Akin to the force that links magnat and needle Braws ducks to the water and lover to loved. That belly's physoc, from his sopa did weedle An outburt of laughter which certainly proved That belle's smile. Though infantile, Would from an owl cachination beguile.

Complication marked that infant's career.
So it followed in course he was taken to church Fer reasons and doctrines which make it quite clear. To those who have studied with subtle research. That miless.

Parsons habes blaze.
Their futures are shrouded in dubiousness.

With serious mion the parson stands ready
To christin a lamb to the Church's safe fold.
He looks at the unctuous face, and unsteady,
With lunghter as shock he rollinguished his hold.
With a crash
That unby's hash
On this earth he settled by conduct so rash.

'Tis a terrible question. He died with no name,
And divines ponder sagely concerning his fate.
Was the parteon who dropped him or taby to biame
For quisting this world in an unchristened state?

"It's nout
Rard to crack but
Will the kernel show heaten's door open or shut?
S. BLAIR MCBEATH, CHAMPION GUZZLER OF ALL.

It was New Year's Eve and a party of men sat around a table in a Harlem caté. They were washing out memories of the old year with copious draughts of beer. Gradually the conversation turned upon the drinking capacities of certain

turned upon the drinking capacities of certain people.

One may said he knews follow in Hoboken who had drank a quart of lager without stopping to take breath. Another declared that a man who lived next door to him, in Tremont, was able to drink at least forty glasses a day, and still able to write his name after draining the last glass.

Others told amazing tales of other prodigious guzzlers, but all were silenced by a little man. He said he could produce a chap who could outdrink anybody.

said be could produce a chap who could outdrink
anybody.

"Why," he said, "he can swallow a bucket (containing about two gallons at one sitting."

This statement baving been disputed, the little
man offered to put his champion to the test then
and there. He left the room, but returned soon
with a stalwart, rotund German.

"Hans," he said, "are you willing to drink a
bucket of beer if i pay for it?"

"I vas villing," he responded, "but I not know if
I can. Vait a moments and I vill see about it."

Halts went away. In a few minutes he came
back and announced that he was ready to undergo
the ordea!

Quickly the bucket of beer was drawn, and it was
all solid fluid, too. Hans sested himself at a table
and began to drink. lowly the foamy liquid
trickled down the German's throat until be had
drank the last drop. Then he put the bucket on
the table with a bang, wiped beads of perspiration
from his brow, and it his pipe with an air of selfsatisfaction.

"Hans," inquired the little man, "why didn't

satisfaction.

"Hans," inquired the little man, "why didn't you drink the beer when you first came in?"

"Vy!" exclaimed the German, "I not know I could drink dot mosch. So I goes me out and drinks you bucket of boor. Den I knows I knows you locally do. See?"

OF THE WEEK.

Several New Designs for Dresses for Receptions and Dinners.

STYLES IN SKATING COSTUMES.

Blue Serge with Galons of Gold and Toques of Blue and Red Velvet

(From the Paris Edition of the Herald.) Owing to the extreme cold it is only natural that the past week has brought out a large proportion of heavy furs. There is one thing very certain in this respect, and that is that seals are no longer the fashionabla furs, and that fashion over here in that respect is aiding the wishes of the American Legislature toward the preservation of the seal fisheries from total extermination.

Astrakhan, beaver, skunk and sable are all very much in vogue, and it must be mentioned to the credit of the furriers that never before have fur coats and jackets been cut with so much taste. forgot to mention, as one of the most popular of furs also, the blue fox, which is certainly a most pretty and becoming trimming for all jackets made of cloth, and looks remarkably nest on a

In the Cercle des Patineurs the other day the entire rage seemed to be for Astrakhan, but I must say that there were some pretty examples of what can be accomplished in the way of stylish gar-ments with beaver, seal, fox and skunk.

As a rule, blue and red volvet together seemed most in favor with the skaters, and, generally speaking, the dark blue servicable and sensible



serge dresses were worn, relieved with galons of gold. Speaking about the toques, a great number of them were trimmed with small birds nestling

One pretty and uncommon little toque was made of tissue of gold, veiled over with black tulle, be-hind which was adapted the mona of the Spanish toreadors. The mona is a sort of little plaited chignen, such as the toreadors wear at the back of their heads. In the case I mention the mona was of gold pleating, well planted at the back of the head and attached to the hat.

EVENING DRESSES. I spoke to you last week of the large number of evening dresses being ordered by the quantity of society people who are just now rushing into Paris in view of the Jour de l'An.

Here is a pretty one. It is of princesse shape, green crops de Chine embroidered with dots and trimmed with popples. The dress, with the fronts and backs, open over a centre piece of lace, opening in square, forming a sort of chemise gathered to a head. Praces formed of popples crossing over the front and at the lower part of the figure. Catches are at the sides and at the front of the bosom; sides of the back of the corsage lose themselves in an overset of drapery, which forms on each side over the hips. The linings of the front close at the middle over the lace. Sleeves short and full.

Yet another, and this also of the popular prin-cesse shape, is of maize faille and aubergine veivet. cesse shape, is of maize faille and aubergine veivet, the trimming of black feathers and gold embroidery. The front forms an appon, adjusted by pleats, open in the form of a corselet festioned over the top of the corsage of velvet and open in V shape. The lower part of the front embroidered, and lace point over a band of tightly drawn velvet and brought over the point. Black feathers aurround the points. The lining of the front is closed at the centre and is closed with pleats. An invisible closing at the front of the corselet. Princesse back of silk open in V shape over a kind of flat searf of velvet. Sides of back, pleats of skirt furnished from the back. A cordon of embroidery surrounds the back and rises over the sides to a height of fifty centimetres. Sides of the dress open over an underskirt of velvet. The sleeves abort, of draped silk, open over an ample centre of velvet.

short, or draped sirs, open to a summary velvet.

A long dross of black velvet and changeable silk, pink and blue. Trimming of old Venetian point. An apron of brocaded silk, with volant of lace forming baldaquin, draped with two bunches of velvet. The front of the coreage draped in lace over a front of velvet opening in square. A bunch



A DINNER DRESS.

of velvet on either side. The sleeves short and full, of brocaded silk. The lining of the fronts closes at the centre with hooks. The back of the dress, on princesse, of velvet, sides of the back providing the fulness of the train. A boa completes this coslume, and should be made of soft white

viding the fulness of the train. A boa completes this costume, and should be made of soft white feathers.

A PARL DEESS.

A very pretty ball dress for a young girl is made of white mousseline de sois, trimmed with lice, and is composed as follows.—The trout of the sairt flat and of mousseline, with draped apron of the same material, surrounded with lace. To the right of an accordion pleat of mousseline framed with crimped lace. To the left, a full panel of lace. At the middle of the back a fan of mousseline accordion pleat. The corsage in point, hollow in the control of the front, open and rounded, with a piece of lace raising itself in a puff at the shoulders. The back is a single piece, decollect, drawn close to the figure in pleats.

FOR A YOUNG GHL.

For a young girl a very next evening dress is made of dark bits velves, embroidered with gold and piece blue silk. A Medicis c liar of passomentarie gold and blue. Back and sides of back with little flat basques, the front with catches, sides and back with similar basques. The fronts a large open coller. The front straight and crossed with a drapery of silk, which stops to the right in a gold bluckle. The steeves full of silk drawn in with embroidered points of velvet and terminated with a gauntlet of embroidered velvet, trimming of mousseline de soie, embroidered with havy silk in ancient style, and a band of auhersine featings. The front of embroidered with havy silk in ancient style, and a band of auhersine featings. The front of straw colored velvet, trimming of mousseline de soie, embroidered with havy silk in ancient style, and a band of auhersine featings. The front of straw colored velvet, trimming of mousseline de soie, embroidered with havy silk in ancient style, and a band of auhersine featings. The front of straw for opening in requiring the front and the top of the back, which open in v shape and pleat marking the little sides. Back of the

nishing fulness of velvel and sides of the back furnishing fulness for the train.

An Empire dress is male of sky blue silk
trimmed with straw fringe and chossu marabout.
Embroideries of gold. The train of piece silk,
trimmed with an embroidered piece, with two
strips of marabout of straw color. The apron
of embroidered silk. The corage without
bacques, decollet's and rounded with berthe
of straw. A triple band of velvet forms the
bell, raising itself at the front and forming a
pointed corselet tied at the middle. The back and
front gathered in the length and drawn in at the
figure with ribbons. An invisible closing. The
litting is flat and composed of a back, sides of
back, front with please and sides of front. At the
right arm a double bracelet of velvet closed by a
bow.

with Prince of Wales feathers and a bow of velvet ribbon.

A DINNER DRIME.

A very much admired dinner dress is made of a satin skirt, trimmed over with a lace shirt of black lace, sewn over with butterflies of different sizes. The apron draped with ceral mousseline de sois, bordered on the two sides with a row of little feather heads, which rise up to the corsage, where they form epaulets, A Cleopatra belt and fringe of let, making a grand point. We illustrate this design in our issue of to-day.

A very next little dinner dress, of which we are able to give an illustration, is made of pean de sole, brounded with green eau-de-Nil. The corsage is laced behind, and forms a pauler. A riche of black tulle makes a bracelet around the arm, bunches of green velvet, a coquille of black tulle, pleated and forming a jabot on each side of the skirt.

REHIND A SCREEN IN BEAUTY PAR-

UGLY GIRLS TAUGHT HOW TO MAKE CAPITAL OUT OF PERSONAL DEFECTS.

"The visible girl is either beautiful or bright or interesting or stylish, and has ease, aplomb and wit enough to take care of herself. The invisible girl is too bashful, timid, ugly, doesn't know what to wear or what to say, and generally slinks away in a corner and bemoans her fate or grows bitter and 'sours on the world.' "The invisible girl is the one in whom I am interested and who is my support," said a very artistic little woman, who carries on her beautifying business in a very mysterious way, and is only heard of from flattering patrons, who tell over tescups or in the abandon of a slipper and négligé gown chat, when women wax confidential, who and where she is. "How did you come to think of this unique busi-

ness? I've often wondered somebody didn't start

"Well, I've always been a favorite with young girls, and have always had the reputation of being artistic and knowing just what to wear, and I have told a score or more friends what they should and what they shouldn't wear, and, finally, when my income failed to meet all my desires, a friend suggested that I should really make a business of my free giving advice on style and the art of dressing and so on, and half in fun and half in earnest I started in, and I now have a bank account.

"There is somebody now! Run behind that screen, and if you dare to move so you'll be heard just comfort yourself by thinking what death you would prefer, and be prepared for it when you

would prefer and be prepared for it when you come out."

The door opened and a tall, lanky girl entered with a thuorous air, as if she had meaked in to have her fortune told and was ashamed of it.

LEANING TO HE BERLETIUL.

"Miss B— told me about you and I thought I'd like the benefit of your advice. Miss B—says you know everything."

"Sit down. I shall be glad to help you and I can casily," said the beauty adviser with a reassuring smile. "First, you are what I call a partly invisible girl. You are not beautiful, have not a really good feature, but no really bad one either. Throw off your jacket. Your neel is very pretty; you must make the most of it. Your hair is drawn too closely from your forehead. Barg it nearly to the crown, no matter what the prevailing style is; you can never be a stylish girl; but you can be an exceedingly picturesque girl, and you in that respect will never go out of style, and will not seem to age quickly if you follow the advice I give you. Curl your sars. There, knot your hair like that," said the beauty advisor, warming to her subject.

"That is an individual knot. It is artistle. It suits the tip of your nose; I mean the shant of it, Your complexion? You are nervous and billous.



THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

You drink too much coffee and don't sleep enough. Take Roman baths, not Turkish. Do not take vigorous exercises. The 'decomposing exercises' of the Delsarts culture will be good for your nervons temperament. They afford a perfect relaxation and will give you repose. I mean by 'repose' a certain well bred poise in sitting, walking, standing and entering a room. A surety that your lands and liead and feet will go all right.

"Now, your dress, Take off that blue gray and nevor wear it again as long as you live. It brings out every shadow in your face in bold relief, it positively seams your face. If you wear gray at all wear aliver gray. The lightness in it brightens your face. Wear a street gown the color of your hair. There is a faint suggestion of gold in your hair, as get golden brown. Line your hat to match with cardinal velevet or have a rim of cardinal velevet to your turban. It will bring out the warmth in your hair. A big hat would be becoming turned upward from your face so it will not cast a shadow over it.

DRESHING TO MATCH ONE'S EXES.

"Your eves, your eves." said the little woman.

wet to your turban. It will bring out the warmth in your hair. A big hat would be becoming, turned upward from your face so it will not east a shadow over it.

DRESING TO MATCH ONE'S EXER.

"Your eyes, your eyes," said the little woman, medicatively, "are a a wondescript blue. In the house wear a dull blue as nearly their shade as you can get it. For the evening wear a soit crope gown on a creamy int, as nearly the tint of your complexion as you can match it. Have your gown out or gather-d at the neck as a baby's waist is, and that will show your neck to advantage. Always have some sheer dainty lace fell against or away from your neck. Do not ethely to make your gowns strictly in the prevailing familien; you are entirely too slim to shand it. The long, hig sloeves are just made for you.

"Now, your bearing. Lift your chest. Let your shoulders drop. Take exercises to give you a free swing from the hips. Cosuntics? Well, you must be careful. Only a stage artist could put rouge on you as it should be. It would be perilous for you to dab it on with unstudied cars. One cup of ontmeal soahed twenty-tour hours in three emps of rainwater and then mixed to a cream with almond oil would must have your street gown. As soon as you have it made come to see me, and I will criticise it free of charge. How much are you innobtant? Five dollars, if you please."

The timurous mailen who entered went out with a fearless tread and a duff glow of pleasurable excitement on her cheek. She could hardly walk fast enough she was so anxious to go home and put the advice into practice.

"Are you alive? Come out from behind the screen. No, fay in there, and don't you dare to sneeze or breathe audibly, here is another patronmy straw colored girl. She sa good subject.

"The timurous mailen who entered with ploasure."

"Oh, Miss S.— I hardly recognized you."

(Miss S.— of course expanded with ploasure.

"Oh, yes, i touched up my hair a bit: only brightened it, that won't hurt it. Well, what do you trinks we have a searched as beautiful! Even m

dress princesse of velvet and sides of the back fur-nishing fulness for the train. BENEDICTS ADVENTURES AS A TOO SMART COMMUTER.

Proving That the Commuter Who. Calculates Is Lost.

WHERE THINKING IS ERROR.

Better Bow to Fate Like the Dumb, Driven Cattle You Are.

Benedict's office was in the city, but he resided in a small suburban town about fifteen miles from the city-that is, if any town within fifteen miles of New York may be with safety called small.

He was very enthusiastic about the life he was living far away from the turmoil of the city, &c. [Note-For the "Ac." consult spring poets], and he was never tired of bothering his city friends about the same. He pooh-poohed at all their objections to such a

life, until somebody draw his attention to the fact that he lost more than two hours a day in coming from and returning to his place of residence, sarcastically remarking that he received no recompense for this loss excepting the privilege of buying a commutation ticket.

This fact stuck in Benedict's head and began to give him considerable worry.

STRUCK BY AN IDEA. If it wasn't for that one drawback his paradise on earth would be perfect. He kept thinking about it for several weeks, and at last the strain began to tell on him. It he could only devise some means of utilizing that time to advantage he could be happy again.

Now Benedict, like a great many other people residing out of town, liked to go to the theatre occasionally. But when he did so it made it necessary for him to take the midnight train, and as a consequence he obtained very little sleep on such nights and would feel quite badly all the

One night, while on this midnight train, he became so drowsy that it was impossible for him to keep his eyes open, so he was carried past his station, and when he awoke he had to walk back shouts mile, and as he did this he remarked to himself that he liked exercise, but preferred taking it in the day time, and he also thought that blue stone was better to walk on thau railroad ties. But during this lonely stroll a brilliant idea struck

Why not sleep on the train and so save that two hours.

He always felt sleepy when in the cars, and if he could only wake at the proper time he would be all right. He set his mind to work and soon evolved in his imagination a plece of mechanism which he thought would accomplish his purposs.

It consisted of two small, round pieces of steel, operated by clockwork. The machine was set in a manner similar to an alarm clock, only instead of ringing the two bars would press themselves against one of the fingers and awaken him noiselessly, and the whole thing was only the size of an ordinary watch and could be placed in a vest pockst.

The next day he explained his invention to a clockmaker, and in a very short time the instru-ment was ready to be used. The illustration will explain the principle involved.

He had simply to put the watch in the palm of his hand and the two bars would be on each side of his middle finger, and the strap around the wrist would keep it in that position. He could see it for the hour at which he wished to awake. Then he might sleep the sleep of the just with the knowledge that he would be awakened at the

proper time. For when the time came the two bars were forced together and it was impossible to sleep with that pressure on the finger.

BEDUCING THEORY TO PRACTICE.

The next afternoon be tried it. When he got on the train he set it for the time he would arrive at his station, and then patiently waited for the result.

uit. Five minutes before he got to his destination the Five minutes before he got to his destination the bars began to press themselvas against his finger, and being assured of its success. Benedict were nearly delirious with joy.

Now he would sleep on the train and save that two hours, the loss of which had worried him so long, and the last objection of his friends to a residence in the country would be overcome. But, as the Scottish poet aptly states, "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang act agley."

The next day he set his chronometer, and pulling his hat over his eyes went to sleep in the car.

His first experience in saving time was not very satisfactory, for during his sleep he had a dreasu.

"AT, THEMP'S THE BUE."

It was to the effect that he was in his home, read

It was to the effect that he was in his home, reading, and that a cat was scratching and yowing noisily at his door. He opened it to frighten the cat away, but instead of doing so the cat sprang at him sud buried her teeth in his hand.

This happened just as the steel bars began to press on his finger, which made the dream so realistic that he jumped my with a loud shout, so it half dazed with sumber, and began a series of antics that were a sight to the beholders.

Soveral men edged for the door and the women began to look as if they would faint, and that particular car was quickly getting demoralized by to yells of poor Benedict, when a brakeman rao in and grabhing him by the shoulder held him in he seat until the station was reached where he hanced him over to the police for acting in a disorderly manner on the car, at the same time intimating that he had been drunk.

The invention had worked like a charm and he had been put off at his own station, and it did not take him long to convince the policeman that he had been dreaming in the car and that this alone was accountable for his unseemly actions.

Some other neople, however, had wincessed his strange behavior, and the next day the whole

Some other people, however, had witnessed his strange behavior, and the next day the whole



town was talking about how disgracefully drunk Benedicthad been the day before while coming out on the train.

This surveyed Benedict considerably, and the more he tried to explain the worse they thought of him.

This successed Benedict considerably, and the more he tried to explain the works they thought of him?

He meant to use that machine, though, and it worked all right for a whole week, when an accident happened which caused Benedict to—but I will not anticipate.

It was not the fault of the machine, though. That worked all right. It was caused by a miscalculation. He had taken a late train, set his hand watch, and was duly awakened at the proper time; but when he went to the door he found that the train had been standing still all the time on account of a wrack alead. Men were talking loudly, shouting orders, but the train had to stand still until the wrock was cleared away. A man approached from the direction of the wreck, amone of the brakenen asked him how long it would take to clear it.

"You wen't be able to go ahead for two hours yet," he replied.

Benefielt thought he would utilize that time, so he went in the car again and set his watch for one hour cut a half.

That was where the miscalculation came in, for the wreck was cleared in side of fifteen minutes from that time and Benefict's train continued its journey. That particular car belonged to another road and was carried to a junction, where it was attached to a freight train to be carried to its destination; consequently when the pressure on his inger again awakened him he was bowling toward the West on a train that made no stope.

How far he went is not known, but when he got back to that suburban village a tear glistoned in his seys as he surveyed it, for he told himself it was for the last time.

He gathered up his belongings and departed for the city, to stay there permanently, and although he longs for the quiet country life every once in a while the thought of that might ride looms on his mind and he becomes contented again.